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William McKinley

WILLIAM McKINLEY

MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN THE

First Methodist Episcopal Church

BOW STREET

SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Sunday (3 P. M.), October 13, 1901

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

CITY GOVERNMENT

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McKinley Memorial Service.

Organ Voluntary — "Marche Funebre."

BY CHRISTOPHER A. W. HOWLAND, ORGANIST OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOMERVILLE.

Baritone Solo — "Abide with Me."

BY FRANK F. ARMSTRONG, OF SOMERVILLE.

Abide with me: Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

— *Henry F. Lyte.*

Invocation.

BY REV. NATHAN K. BISHOP, RECTOR OF EMMANUEL (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, SOMERVILLE.

O God of Hosts, who leddest our fathers forth, making them go from one kingdom to another people, and hast granted us an heritage of glorious suffering and the strength of chastening trial, bind up the nation's wound and make it whole. Bless the service in which we are now engaged, and make it profitable to us all by causing us to remember and to follow, in our several stations of life, the example of our departed President, — a brave warrior, a far-seeing statesman, an incorruptible patriot, prophet and martyr of our country's mission. Grant that his successors in office may perform the work of their ministry in his spirit, with his faithfulness, and lead the upright Christian life which he led. Keep our country from all lawlessness, division, turmoil, and from every evil way. Make it to resemble more and more the Holy City on earth — a city foreseen by prophets, in which shall dwell righteousness and justice, peace and happiness. And now that our departed President, being relieved from the burden of the flesh, is in everlasting joy and felicity, and having finished his

course in faith, now rests from his labors, grant that all we with him may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thine eternal and everlasting glory; for the sake of Him who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Anthem — "To Thee, O Country!"

BY THE CHORUS CHOIR OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOMERVILLE.

"To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing.
Upon thy mighty faithful heart,
We lay our burdens down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee, we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our Fatherland;
Let Peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea."

— *Anna Eichberg King.*

Scripture Reading.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. PIERSON, PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL (UNITARIAN) CHURCH, SOMERVILLE.

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

And David said unto the young man that had slain Saul, Whence art thou? And he answered, I am the son of a stranger, an Amalekite.

And David said unto him, How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?

The name of the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. But the name of the wicked shall rot.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

(Old Testament.)

I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

And I, John, saw a new Heaven and a new earth. And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow or crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. (New Testament.)

Let us praise famous men. The Lord through them hath wrought great glory. Men renowned for

power, giving counsel by their wisdom, leaders of the people, discerning and eloquent in their instructions. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth forevermore. (Apocrypha. Book of Ecclesiasticus.)

The good, great man,—
"He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."
(Shakespeare. — Henry VIII.)

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone: but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And "in the sweet earth's bosom" leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.
(Tennyson. Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.)

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Lord, be forever blest.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise, the blest.

(Church of England Hymn.)

Memorial Prayer.

BY REV. GEORGE S. BUTTERS, PASTOR OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOMERVILLE.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we have entered thy courts to-day with reverence and adoration. We acknowledge Thee to be our Lord, our guide, and our friend. We have been conscious of Thy presence during the hours of this day and Thou hast come with us to this place of worship. We know Thou art here and we can almost talk with Thee face to face. Our hearts are heavy with a great sense of personal and national sorrow, but it is not as those without hope. There is an inspiration in our sadness that drives away the gloom. There is a light in this darkness that directs our thought to the Light of the World.

We thank Thee for the honored man whose name is as ointment poured forth, whose face brings courage to thousands and whose memory is blessed. We as a people have reason to thank Thee for such a man. We rejoice in the victories he won, in the difficulties he so bravely overcame and in the affection he had from his

fellow men. It has helped us to better understand the real worth of humanity, and also to realize that men are more generous in their impulses than we are often inclined to think. We know it is well with him, and we know it is well with us because our God is with us. Draw tenderly near to us on this memorial occasion and let our hearts be drawn closer to Thee than ever before. May this period of thoughtfulness and grief help us to see more clearly the possibilities of our natures and the needs of our fellowmen. Help us to leave our selfishness and greed and remember that we are keepers for our brothers.

Our burden is for our country, that she may be blessed and prospered of Almighty God; that she may continue the land of the free and the home of the brave. Remember our President, called by this sad calamity to the highest office in the gift of the land, and grant unto him great wisdom in the perplexing duties that come to his hands and his heart. We thank Thee for his courage and independence, and we pray that these traits may continue to characterize him, and that a mind wiser than human may direct him in all his ways. Bless his adivsers and strengthen them in all that is pure and right and good. Bless our state, our governor and all in authority with him. Bless our mayor, our aldermen, our teachers and our schools. Bless our firemen, our police officers, and all the guardians of our peace. Bless our churches and our ministers, our children and our homes, and help us to learn faithfully the lessons Thou art seeking to teach us in these recent days.

Remember that home in Canton across whose threshold the shadows lie. Bless the elect woman who has

so bravely shared the joys and the sorrows of our honored and beloved chief magistrate. In these days of loneliness and grief do Thou comfort and sustain her, and may the memory of the years of domestic affection be a great blessing to her in days to come. We commit our ways unto Thee. We intend to be loyal, earnest and faithful to God and man. May we be so true to Thee that we can say in the closing hour, "It is God's way. His will be done." Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

Soprano Solo. — "Sometime We'll Understand."

BY MRS. WALTER C. BAILEY, OF SOMERVILLE.

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Then trust in God thro' all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise:
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all
  Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crush'd and castles fall,
  Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Then trust in God thro' all thy days;
  Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
  Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

—*James McGranahan.*

Introductory Address.

BY HON. EDWARD GLINES, MAYOR OF SOMERVILLE.

Thirty days have passed since our Martyr President, overcome in his struggle with the wound given by the assassin's hand, resigned to the will of God and rested from his labors.

To-day the nation lays aside its mourning emblems, and it is altogether fitting and proper that the city government should provide appropriate memorial services.

On September 19th there was one vast funeral service all over the world, and Somerville joined the universal mourning.

This service is quite different. While our grief is no less keen, and our indignation at the cause of his death is no less bitter, we are assembled as a city to honor the memory of the man, rather than to consider his death.

A memorial service is not for the manifestation of grief, as is a funeral, but is rather for the purpose of

keeping in mind our appreciation of, and affection for, some departed friend. "Lest we forget, lest we forget," is the invitation that calls us to a memorial service.

In this strenuous life it is all too easy for us to forget those who have joined the host invisible.

Leaders retire, but the cause goes on; rulers die in tragic or peaceful ways, but governments move on as before, until we come to feel that there is something impersonal in the destiny of a nation.

We must not forget that history is made by men, that history itself is the eternal memorial service for all those mighty men whose great thoughts, grand ideas, and noble lives have made them conspicuous.

Somerville has arranged these services because William McKinley was one of the notable makers of history.

He was no accident: he was more than a child of fortune. His promotions never came as a mere happy combination of circumstances. At seventeen he entered the army as a private, and, without the aid of any relative or friend to suggest promotion, he rose from the ranks to second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, and major, and each advance was specified as recognition of special daring and bravery.

In the same way, he went from a private in the ranks of citizenship to the highest place of honor and responsibility in the western hemisphere.

Great success in public life depends largely upon ability to confound one's enemies and resist the temptation of friends.

William McKinley was a master in the art of bringing to naught the schemes of his enemies, and in resisting the temptations of over-zealous friends.

Twice did the opposing party in Ohio gerrymander the whole state in order to make his congressional district overwhelmingly against him.

The first time he won by overcoming an adverse majority of more than two thousand; and the second time he lost by less than three hundred, after overcoming more than three thousand of the adverse majority. This defeat for congress made him governor of Ohio, and made him an administrator instead of a legislator — made him President instead of senator.

But it is more difficult to resist praise than censure. In the Republican national convention of 1888 Mr. McKinley was chairman of the Ohio delegation, which had been instructed to vote for John Sherman.

There was a crisis in the convention when it became certain that Mr. Sherman could not be nominated and almost equally certain that Mr. McKinley could be. His friends insisted that it was the one chance of his life, and that they should vote for him and secure his nomination.

He took the floor and said with emphasis, "It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me. I cannot, with honorable fidelity to John Sherman, I cannot, consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I do request — I demand — that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

Again in 1892, in the Republican national convention in Minneapolis, to which I had the honor of being a delegate, Major McKinley presided, and there was a moment when his friends thought to stampede the convention and nominate him, but he once more defied the

ardor of his friends and made certain the renomination of President Harrison.

This noble man lived as the Christian liveth and died as the Christian dieth, and Somerville meets to-day to honor his memory.

We recall his virtues as a man whom some of us knew to love and admire; we recall his eminent service as President. Twice did Somerville give him the largest relative majority of any city of its size in the country, and his memory we will ever cherish.

McKinley the man is no more. The principles of which he was so brilliant an exponent remain. The country for which he died, the flag glorified by his life, remain, and are still bright, prosperous, and worthy of sacrifice. Who can say of this noble, free country what its mission is in the Divine plan? Who will delineate its expanse? Who will define its future? The responsibility will call for man's best thought, best effort, and, perhaps, best blood. Whatever may be the sacrifice demanded, the cause is worthy.

Our Country Still.

I.

"Our country still,
From storm-swept sea to every inland rill:
Great dreams to dream, great duties to fulfill: —
Our country still.

II.

"Our country still,
Fronting the keen blades that would strike and kill:
Freedom our watchword — slaves but to her will: —
Our country still."

Memorial Address.

BY ALBERT E. WINSHIP, LITT. D., OF SOMERVILLE.

The noblest nation on the globe is in the shadow of a great grief. No other people is so capable of loving devotion. There was never an equal occasion for weeping with an angry passion, and, as a result, we are stricken as no other nation has ever been.

Five weeks ago an anarchist assassin shot one of God's noblemen, a man as pure, upright and lovable as any saintly hero of ancient times. Four weeks ago yesterday the struggle for life ended, and if ever man became immortal, if ever the angelic hosts welcomed a white soul, it was when William McKinley said, "It is God's way; his will be done," and loosened the handclasp of earth and accepted that of heaven.

On September 19 the physical, in which had dwelt the spiritual, was entombed, and wherever the sun shone in its long circuit about the globe there were funeral services, and his praise was spoken in nearly every language of civilization. Never before on one day have so many men of surpassing ability paid tribute to any man.

Seventy-five million people paused in the day's occupation, and for a time in the largest cities the steam trains and street cars were motionless, and pedestrians stood in silent grief with uncovered heads.

Sympathy is that which we cannot help feeling and expressing. If there are 100 pianos in Symphony hall, and you touch a key in one of them, it will not only stir its string, but every one of the ninety-nine other strings to which it appeals will quiver, because it cannot help it. That was a spontaneous, rhythmical tremor that the

whole world felt when friends took their last view of the remains of our great leader, who was at once the servant, the friend, the brother of every American.

All this has passed. The world is moving on much as before. Another noble man occupies the White House; the very walls that trembled as they beheld the prostrate form of the slain President now echo the robust spontaneity of boyish vivacity. It is not sympathy that brings us together to-day, for that has spent itself in the friction of our strenuous life. We are here, thirty days after his death, because we loved William McKinley as a man and as the President.

Love is that which you feel because it gives you pleasure thus to enjoy and reveal your attachment. On September 19, under the spell of sympathy, men who had even vilified our noble President were weeping in their grief, but already these men are whispering their fears that we were overzealous in our mourning. To-day no word is to be said that would not have been spoken if William McKinley were alive, if no anarchist had raised the assassin hand. Somerville has a right to hold an ardent memorial service, since in his life William McKinley had as large a proportion of affectionate admirers and as few detractors here as in any municipality in America. Because we loved him we remember him in this service. We revere him no more in death than we loved him in life.

All eulogists agree that President McKinley was a superlatively good man, a virtuous, honest, upright, generous, Christian gentleman. In seven bitter political campaigns and in others of ordinary energy there was never a public charge or a seductively whispered insinuation that he was not the soul of honor and the essence of virtue.

But as one reads these eulogies, he can but fear that some have emphasized his goodness and his lovableness to escape giving credit for his ability as a statesman and his greatness as a leader; that others have magnified his virtue and integrity, in order to give the impression that they are rare qualities in public life. Neither of these motives in his eulogists is worthy the occasion.

Goodness is not a rare quality in public men. President Roosevelt is and has ever been, in social and in political life, no less clean and noble. Secretary Long and each of the men in the cabinet challenges admiration as an upright, virtuous man. Our own Senators Hoar and Lodge are no less estimable; and where have there been more exemplary men than Winthrop Murray Crane and Roger Wolcott? We glory in the noble manhood of William McKinley because it is the ideal of so many American men in public life.

Somerville holds this memorial service, the first in her history, not merely because Mr. McKinley was good and lovable, but because, with these qualities, he combined intellectual vigor, poise and alertness better than have most statesmen, because he has left as a heritage the accomplishment of many important conditions tending to improve the industrial, social, and financial life of his countrymen, and tending to give the United States prestige among the nations and prominence in history. We revere the memory of William McKinley because he supplemented what he was by what he did that was worth while.

I had the extreme privilege of being a delegate to the St. Louis convention that first placed Mr. McKinley in nomination for the presidency. It is a gratifying remembrance that I bore some humble part in both the

campaigns in which he was triumphantly elected, and I am not unmindful of the responsibility of voicing the admiration and affection of Somerville at such an hour as this.

The nomination and election of William McKinley, in 1896, and his re-election in 1900 are among the remarkable events in the political history of the country. Never, since General Grant, has his party given any candidate at his first nomination anything like the majority which it gave Mr. McKinley. Without the sympathy or support of any of the moneyed or political centres of the country, without representing a doubtful state, without the party machinery that had been created for the two previous national campaigns, with very persistent, able and popular candidates against him, he received 661 1-2 votes in the convention, while the four opponents combined had but 240 1-2, so that his victory represented practically three to one, and his vote was eight times as great as his leading opponent's. No equal political triumph has been recorded in his party.

The election was even more astonishing than the nomination. In 1896 there were arrayed against him more sectional and class interests than were ever before combined, and it was the most vigorous oratorical campaign ever waged. The vote showed Mr. McKinley to have received ninety-five majority in the electoral college, and a popular plurality of 602,555, the only Republican plurality since General Grant's election, except a paltry 7,000 plurality for Garfield. In 1900 many new interests were arrayed against him, with eminent names and large wealth, and the prejudice against a second consecutive term, so that his re-election was doubted by many eminently wise forecasters of political events, and yet his

triumph was little short of marvelous, — 137 majority in the electoral college, and 871,513 popular plurality. The political endorsement, therefore, was more than fifty per cent. greater than in 1896, and the popular endorsement was almost fifty per cent. greater. Any one who has made a scientific study of political history realizes what a testimony these facts are to Mr. McKinley.

There are numerous instances of men who succeed until they meet some supreme test, there are many who can meet any emergency in some one direction, but the world has had few men who were equal to severe strains in various directions, and very few who have failed in no great test. Washington and Lincoln were such men. Mr. McKinley's place in history will rest upon his approach to these men in this regard.

In American life there are a few chronic difficulties. Partisanship has been a national terror. The machine within a party in the great cities has been the worst feature of partisanship. Prior to 1897 there had been no President in either party since the Civil War who had escaped open, bitter, resentful antagonism on the part of political leaders of his own party in the great cities. The first President in either party to avoid the slightest disturbance of the kind was William McKinley, who, through three congressional campaigns, received a hearty vote of confidence. In no instance did he meet opposition in any direction from any leader in any great city. Nor did he secure immunity by surrendering to the opposition, or by taking these leaders unduly into his confidence. No president, not even Mr. Lincoln, gave less time to the professional politician, nor was it secured by yielding everything to these men by way of appointment. From Philadelphia he called to his cabinet as the man to have

charge of the vast patronage of the post-office department Charles Emory Smith, who has never bowed the knee to Senator Quay; as a man to have charge of all the custom house appointments, Lyman J. Gage, who was no friend of the Chicago politicians; and from New York city he gave his three highest honors to Whitelaw Reid, Joseph H. Choate, and Elihu Root, about the only prominent men who had hurled classic anathemas in blistering English at Thomas C. Platt; and yet Mr. Platt bowed to the inevitable serenely, as did Mr. Quay and the Chicago leaders, and not so much as a ripple ruffled their dreams or clouded their memories.

This is not the only evidence of Mr. McKinley's superb power over men. In his original cabinet was one man whom the war with Cuba gave unenviable distinction. He was a born fighter, a man with a host of ardent friends, was idolized in his own city, and was the leader of one of the great organizations in the country. He must retire from the cabinet, and his going under any other administration in a generation would have meant political chaos, but, in the face of a more galling journalistic fire than any American has withstood since Lincoln, Mr. McKinley kept the secretary of war in his place until his personal regard was established, and then bowed him out in such manly fashion that the jar did not quicken by the fraction of a heart beat the political pulse of the nation.

Some men have exceptional power in emergencies, but drift upon the shoals in a calm. General Grant was a man of giant strength in selecting commanders for the army of the Potomac, but his reputation suffered from some men whom he called about him in times of peace. Not so with President McKinley. Never has there been

a group of brainier men or more acute specialists than eight of the nine men whom Mr. McKinley called to his cabinet. Of the eight men of his political household, there was no one whom he changed, or whom either of the great political parties desired him to change, at his second inauguration. They were men of such surpassing fitness that upon his death the stock markets of both hemispheres sat in the hush of great anxiety to know if Mr. Roosevelt would retain them all. Never has civilization given such a testimonial to any body of men or to the matchless wisdom of the man who formed the group.

The remarkable fact is that about the board where these men sat, — masters each of them of his own sphere of action, — Mr. McKinley, who was a specialist in none of their departments, was the master mind in all their deliberations.

Beyond the power to wisely estimate and skillfully manage a few eminent men is the ability to loosen intricate and tightened problems in which the prejudices of unschooled masses and the intensity of sectional feeling and class interests are involved. Two such problems, tangled beyond the recognition of those who were responsible for their origin, were solved by the administrations of Mr. McKinley after the snarl had been tightened for a century.

The tariff was a perplexing issue in the days of Alexander Hamilton, and every wise leader has had a hand at intensifying the prejudices involved; even the brilliant oratory of John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster was at its height when the tariff was their theme. It has wrecked statesmen, has sent political parties to their graves, and arrayed the masses against the classes. Bitter and abiding hatred has been engendered, capital has

been paralyzed, and labor idle until tramps swarmed from sea to sea because impracticable men saw visions, and wisdom was not in command in the councils of the nation.

Never in a hundred years were industrial interests so benumbed as on March 4, 1897; yet after a little time capital was everywhere employed at unprecedented returns, labor was sure of abundant work at higher wages, under better conditions than anywhere else in the world, than ever before in any land. So complete was the solution of the problem that upon his re-election no one of the nine parties that had a national convention ventured to seriously suggest that there had ever been any other thought on the tariff than that under which the country had returned to prosperity. So completely had the tariff discussions of a century been abandoned, that in his last public utterance Mr. McKinley ventured to outline a policy for the country, regardless of previous party strife.

The money question had been even a more serious cause of party and sectional disruption than the tariff. The intensity, the ferocity, the venom in the financial discussions for a hundred years, and especially in the last thirty years, have led to bloodshed and sectional hatred almost as great as that caused by slavery itself. It was during the administration of Mr. McKinley that this division of sentiment practically disappeared, and the ambitions and convictions attendant upon it became little more than a consolation of memory.

The course of events on the tariff and the money question, tending, as they did, to national, industrial and financial peace and international, industrial and financial supremacy, are enough in themselves to make the administration of William McKinley of world-wide importance.

In November, 1898, the New York Herald suggested that United States bonds were likely to sell at a higher price than British consols, that had for generations been the world's ideal of security and value. The London Times responded that such a suggestion bordered close upon a governmental insult to Great Britain, for which the ministry might be justified in calling for an apology from the United States. In thirty days our bonds had passed and almost distanced their consols, both in New York and London.

Five years ago the most interesting book in the commercial world was "Made in Germany," which showed how completely the Germans had taken possession of the world. Already Germany has sent to America experts to learn how it has happened that the United States has displaced her in the world's markets.

It is an interesting fact that there has been no man in the cabinet, in the senate, or in the house of representatives who has been such a commanding figure as to claim any considerable credit for either of these great triumphs, and there is no man to whom ardent admirers incline to ascribe special credit.

Greater even than the service rendered the country through the solution of the problems of the tariff and of finance is that which had begun to come to the South. It is not claimed that the Southern question has been solved; but those most conversant with the sentiment and conditions believe that, had Mr. McKinley lived through his second term, this question, which had run its line of sectional separation and jealousy so deep as to seem ineradicable, would have been as completely settled as are the tariff and the money issue.

Certain it is that Mr. McKinley was respected and

loved in the South as no other Northern President ever was, and he was welcomed in the South as no other President of either party or of any section has ever been, and the ovation which he received everywhere in the South was fully equal to anything accorded him in the North.

It is not certain that Mr. McKinley would have a place in history from any of these causes. They are all finishing touches to the work of other men. It is probable that Mr. McKinley has placed the United States on an entirely new and distinctly higher plane than she has reached, or than she would have reached for many years. It is fairly evident that there will never be the same discord between a president and the party leaders of the great cities that had long existed; that cabinets will evermore be composed of specialists of distinction, regardless of the desires of politicians or the claims of sections; that industrial and financial conditions will never be seriously deranged by party discussions; that the North and South will not suffer from the former line of cleavage; that the old party alignment has practically disappeared.

Before Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office, the day that the nation's bereavement brought to him the heaviest of responsibilities, he paused to assure the cabinet, the country, and the world that it will be his highest aspiration to follow the policies of William McKinley. Whoever is nominated in 1904 will make his campaign on the issue that he will carry out the McKinley policies, and when the two party nominees go before the people, it will be a contest as to which is most loyal to the McKinley ideas.

For several years it has been the most earnest purpose

of the opposition to impress the fact that it is the embodiment of the Lincoln idea. Hereafter it will be the claim of all who seek the votes of the nation at large that they represent the prosperity, financial soundness, and sectional peace aspirations of William McKinley.

In this connection it is worthy of note that no man with a shibboleth has been wholly satisfied. If it was "Protection," "Gold Standard," "Civil Service," "The Monroe Doctrine," or "The Declaration of Independence," that some time-honored men worshipped, they found little satisfaction in the words or deeds of William McKinley. He was too broad, too deep, too noble to bury the country's hopes in any one issue, or to jeopardize her interests in the phrases of any man. So long as protection could be used for his country's prosperity, he used it to the limit, and when it had served his country as far as it was able, he set it aside for reciprocity. He stood by the gold standard because it seemed the shortest way to a stable financial life, but he did not assume that there would never be virtue in bimetallism. He reverenced the Monroe doctrine for all that it had done for the New World, but he insisted that it should never hinder the progress of civilization. All that he did toward the settlement of vexed questions of the century, preparing the way for a new century, was largely accomplished because he knew neither fear nor favoritism at the hands of good men who worshipped at the shrine of some phrases of the fathers.

When Horace Greeley wrote Abraham Lincoln that blistering open letter in August, 1862, the President, in his reply, said: "If there be in it any statements or assumption of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I

do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"I would save the union. I would save it in the shortest way under the constitution. If there be those who would not save the union unless they could, at the same time, destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. What I do for slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the union."

This was ever the spirit and the purpose of William McKinley. His paramount object was the greatest prosperity, and the highest good of the people, and the greatest service of America to the world. He never chafed under the criticism of men whose hearts were supposed to be in the right place, but who would accept no prosperity, no good to humanity unless such prosperity and service should be held in abeyance until their phrases were given recognition. He never replied to them, he merely pitied them as handicapped by narrow vision. His forbearance was a matchless virtue.

President McKinley's place in history will not rest on the problems of the nineteenth century which he was largely instrumental in solving, but, rather, on the problems that he bequeathed to the twentieth century to solve. We celebrate the birthdays rather than the death days of men and of events. S. F. B. Morse, who gave

us the frailest inception of the telegraph, is the world's electrical idol, rather than the men who have added to its power and glory until they have made the idea of Mr. Morse a mere speck in comparison. Franklin's kite will be glorified when every perfecter of the electrical idea has been forgotten. So Mr. McKinley will live on what was begun in his administration, and not on that which was perfected.

In 1604 France gave to one of her subjects a charter to all the land in America between the parallels of forty and forty-five degrees, or practically from Philadelphia to Montreal; but before the Frenchman entered upon his inheritance, the English came to Plymouth, and little by little pre-empted the New England coast. France captured the maritime Provinces, the St. Lawrence valley, and the Great lakes. The French believed there was more wealth and a greater future in the cod fisheries and the St. Lawrence basin than in the rocks and sands of New England. From those first days until 1759 North American affairs were dictated by the kings and queens, lords and bishops of England, France, and Spain. The tomahawk flashed and the scalping knife was sharpened whenever European courts thought it wise to be at war. Our fathers could not buy West India groceries or sell the Spanish islands New England rum unless English and Spanish courtiers were wining and dining together. For more than a century the safety of the women and children of New England from Indian kidnapping or scalping depended upon the mood of European courts.

On the night of February 28, 1703, the beautiful village of Deerfield went to bed — that was before the days of retiring — as peacefully as a summer camp by

the sea, but before the dawn fifty-nine men and women were cold in death, and their scalps were waved aloft by the 200 French soldiers and 140 Indian warriors, who were marching away with 111 captive men, women, and children, leaving nearly every house in beautiful old Deerfield in ashes. Why? Simply because Charles II. was about to die childless, and William of Orange and Louis XIV. would not agree upon the relations of England and France to the future ruler of Spain.

This is a sample of the causes of nearly all the wars in which the New England settlers were a prey to the savages, and this might have gone on, but for the heroism of 1759, when every able-bodied man in New England left his wife and children exposed to the ferocity of the merciless Indians, but for such protection as might come from the aged, the invalid, and the youth. These men then marched, 40,000 strong, to the walls of Quebec, and by one decisive blow ended forever the influence of European quarrels in American affairs. It took a little time and some sacrifice of human blood to make England understand the new conditions, but from 1759 to 1898 the United States merely asked that she be let alone, and that the nations of the Old World leave us to ourselves.

In 1898, for good or ill, the United States entered the world's arena. Under a noble impulse, we interfered with the domestic affairs of one of the oldest European nations, and, through the brilliancy of our army and navy, and the excellence of our diplomacy, we found ourselves in position to place the crippled peoples in Cuba and Porto Rico and the millions of an Indian archipelago on the highway to the noblest civilization and broadest Christianity.

It is not for us to say what the effect may be, for we are not prophets who stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, but we have a right to say that ours is the opportunity to make the stars and stripes, emblem of purity, love, and life, the banner of a higher civilization than any other nation has ever carried to savage or heathen peoples. In a single season the magic wand of our municipal and sanitary science cleansed Havana, that had been cursed by yellow fever from time immemorial, and the standard we can set for the nations of Europe may easily cleanse the globe of the festering evils of barbarism.

In 1896 the United States did not dare speak, no matter what was going on anywhere in the Eastern hemisphere, but in Mr. McKinley's day we settled matters in Turkey that would never have been adjusted prior to 1898, and the American soldiers set the Christian standard in China, and American statesmanship held at bay all the diplomats of Europe until their demands were as merciful as they were just.

We need not re-name the Philippines, for the name of McKinley will be written on every island we bless with our science of government, on every nation that we protect from the political greed of Europe, on every industry that bears America's imprint, on every breeze that broadens our commerce.

Circumstances make it certain that hereafter, and more and more as the years go by, whoever speaks of Washington and Lincoln will add with equal reverence the name of McKinley.

The real memorial to William McKinley will not be public services, but an attempt to be of service to our country and humanity under the inspiration of the life

he led and the work he did. The greatest testimony to his tariff leadership is that every state platform promptly adopted his reciprocity idea; to his financial policy, that the stock markets of the world advanced when President Roosevelt said he should retain the secretary of the treasury and maintain the policy of Mr. McKinley.

But higher and grander than either of these will be the tribute of those who embody his principles of virtue, integrity, and charity, living as he lived, and dying in the faith in which he died.

Hymn — "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

BY THE CONGREGATION.

Nearer, my God, to thee —
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee —
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee —
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

—*Sarah Flower Adams.*

Poem.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS, OF SOMERVILLE.

Let us sing the Song of a Man,
A man who was made of the clay
And built of the stuff of to-day;

A man who came up from the throng,
Came up from the weak and was strong
And sweet as the breath of the hay;
Not the chief of a people we sing,
Nor the head of a caste or a clan,
But a kinglier man than a King;
Let us sing the Song of a Man.

Let us sing the Song of a Man,
One raised to a mighty estate
And crowned as the darling of fate,
Who was ever too good to be weak,
Who was never too high to be meek,
And was never too proud to be great.
A leader of men without pride,
Who loved not his place in the van,
But who led men and marched by their side—
Let us sing the Song of a Man.

The iron-faced captains of fate,
The strong sons of power who drill
And wrench the whole world to their will,
Who tread down opposers and climb
O'er the dead to the summits of time,
Till the earth, sick with battles, is still,—
Not of such was the man that we sing;
Yet we deem him as strong and as great
As was ever a blood-drunken King,
Or the iron-faced captains of fate.

He sent forth the thunders of war
Where the rights of mankind were denied;
He sent forth the Navies of Pride

To frighten the seas with their flame
And the isles with the fear of his name,—
This man who loved peace as a bride.
We followed the lead of the mild
As the lead of a calm-shining star,
When this man, with the heart of a child,
Sent forth all the thunders of war.

Let us sing the Song of a Soul
That was sent up too early to God,
And torn like a flower from the sod,
Torn up in its fullness of bloom,
In the height of its perfect perfume,
As a weed is torn up from the clod.
But the soul does not die with the breath,
But mounts, so we dream, to its goal,—
And his soul shines the brighter through death—
Let us sing the Song of a Soul.

Let us sing the Song of a Man.
The years and the centuries fly
And princes and presidents die;
And the years shall resound with the tones
Of the crashing of overturned thrones,
As the footsteps of doom thunder by.
But a man is more than a throne,
Is more than a King or a Khan,—
Leave this man with his manhood alone—
Let us sing the Song of a Man.

Hymn — "Lead, Kindly Light."

BY MRS. WALTER C. BAILEY, OF SOMERVILLE.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy Power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

— *Cardinal Newman.*

Prayer and Benediction.

BY REV. ELMER H. CAPEN, D. D., OF SOMERVILLE, PRESIDENT OF TUFTS COLLEGE.

Thou in whose hand is the king's heart, who art the God of nations and of men — we recognize Thy overruling hand in all the affairs of our beloved country. We thank Thee for the wonders which Thou hast wrought in behalf of liberty and righteousness for the American people. We thank Thee for the noble examples of our history, our matchless statesmen, patriots, heroes, and martyrs. We prize, as a divine gift, the inheritance that has been transmitted to us at the cost of so much sacrifice. We thank Thee especially for the man whom the people, by their suffrages, had raised to the highest earthly station, who had served the Republic in so many ways, with profit and distinction, and who gave up his life without malice toward his assassin, looking forward into the great hereafter with the serenity and faith of a devout Christian. We pray that the lessons of his life and death alike may be a perpetual inspiration and stimulus to the youth of the nation; and that all the people may imbibe from his example a nobler spirit of service, and a deeper trust in Thee. We pray that the words that have been spoken on this occasion may be duly treasured in the hearts of all in this great congregation; and that the meditations of this hour may bear fruit in a deeper love of country, and a more unselfish devotion to the institutions of freedom and progress. So let thy will be done, until all the kingdoms of this world are Thine, and Thine the glory forever. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

THE PEOPLE JOINING.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Benediction.

The peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God; and may the blessing of God Almighty, the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with you and remain amongst you forever. Amen.

Proceedings of the City Government.

The Board of Aldermen met at eight o'clock P. M., Friday, September 6, 1901.

The following communication was received from His Honor, the Mayor:

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Mayor's Office, September 6, 1901.

To the Honorable, the Board of Aldermen of the City of Somerville:

Gentlemen: — It becomes my painful duty to announce officially the appalling disaster that at this moment threatens the nation with the loss of its chief magistrate by the hand of a foul assassin.

The telegraph flashes the announcement of an attack upon the life of President McKinley, so direful in its promise that it seems proper to take official notice of the circumstances and by suitable action to express our profound sympathy with his family and the entire nation.

The latest news that I can obtain is that he still lives, although "clouds and darkness hover round about him." While at the great exposition in Buffalo, in the Temple of Music, the foul attempt was made upon a noble life, and two shots were fired by the fell assassin.

It seems deplorable that the nation should be called upon to suffer, even for a time, the loss of the benign influence of such a master hand at the helm of the ship of state in its progress, never so remarkable in its influence at home and abroad. We would express the earnest hope that the portending disaster may be averted. It is a thought that paralyzes all effort, to imagine the country deprived of the administrative mind and power that has placed this nation at the head of the powers of the world in a policy that would elevate, Christianize, and free all mankind from chains of ignorance and oppression.

With the hope that this cloud of anxiety may soon pass, and that the life of the President may be spared to complete his career of splendid achievement, and that his clear policy may yet be fulfilled, I recommend that a committee be appointed to act with myself and your president in framing and forwarding to the proper parties suitable resolutions of sympathy for him in his suffering, and hope for his ultimate recovery.

Respectfully submitted,

Edward Glines, Mayor.

In pursuance of the recommendation made by His Honor, the Mayor, the following-named aldermen were appointed a committee to act with him and the President of the Board of Aldermen in preparing and forwarding suitable resolutions: Aldermen Littlefield, Kenney, Cushman, Pike, Smith, Watters and Frye.

A copy of the foregoing communication was forwarded by His Honor, the Mayor, to the Secretary to the President, with a letter, as follows:—

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Mayor's Office, September 7, 1901.

Mr. George B. Cortelyou,

Secretary to the President,

Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I beg to tender my sincere sympathy for the President and his family in this trying ordeal. It is my good fortune to have the pleasantest recollections of him in personal relations which I value very highly, and it seems most unbearable to think of him as compelled to undergo the pain that such a dastardly attack must entail.

I sincerely hope that the worst has passed, and that his recovery may be rapid and his health permanently restored. The Board of Aldermen of my city being in session at the time of receiving the sad news, I, as Mayor, took occasion to present to them a communication of which the enclosed is a copy.

Most respectfully,

Edward Glines, Mayor.

The following resolutions were prepared and forwarded to President McKinley:

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Mayor's Office, September 11, 1901.

Mr. President: — The citizens of Somerville, Massachusetts, through their Mayor and Board of Aldermen, would express their abhorrence of the tragic deed which has shocked the world, their gratitude for your great courage and fortitude and for surgical skill, which, under the guidance of a Gracious Providence, have combined to preserve you wonderfully from the intended consequences of the assassin's attack, and their affectionate sympathy in the hours of anxiety and heroic struggle.

They would also express appreciation of your exemplary life and example, of your gallant bravery in defence of the Union, of your noble leadership in the Spanish complication, of your great service to the country through the unparalleled prosperity of the Nation in your administration, and of your mission in restoring good feeling between the South and the North, after an estrangement of many years, which is so strongly emphasized in the sympathy of the South in this your great trial of strength, patience, and faith.

Very respectfully,

Edward Glines,
Arthur P. Vinal,
Samuel T. Littlefield,
James W. Kenney,
William H. Cushman,
James Watters,
Joseph S. Pike,
Daniel M. Frye,
Committee.

The Board of Aldermen met in special session, at the call of the Mayor, Saturday, September 14, 1901, at eight o'clock P. M., to take action in reference to the death of the President of the United States.

The following communication was received from His Honor, the Mayor:—

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Mayor's Office, September 14, 1901.

To the Honorable, the Board of Aldermen:

Gentlemen:—The most solemn and profound occasion of our official term is upon us. I am confronted with the sad obligation of officially conveying to you the mournful news of the death of William McKinley, President of the United States. After lingering for more than a week since he was stricken by the shots of an assassin at Buffalo, New York, the end came peacefully at 2.15 o'clock this morning. Immediately upon receiving the sad news, the bells of the city were tolled; the flags of the city have been placed at half-mast, and arrangements have been made for suitably draping the city hall.

I do not propose to present to you a panegyric upon the great and lovable man who, but little more than one short week ago, was leading us in strength and power, but who to-night "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

This is not a time for the rehearsal of the tragic event, for the harrowing details are still ringing in all

our ears with too great persistency to need any recalling.

It is almost twenty years to a day since the death of the lamented Garfield. Though numbers of America's chosen sons have since then gone their way into "the great beyond," we have not as a nation been deluged in sorrow, in these two decades, such as we experience to-day.

For the third time in our history we mourn a martyr President; a man of humble birth and great achievement, a warrior in the nation's battles, a true champion of religious convictions and humanitarian principles. Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley — what a glorious triumvirate — "these three, and the greatest of these" — who shall say?

"Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle, in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. . . . Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land." And now, when the flag of the nation, more resplendent than ever, floats over a country that almost encircles the world, when prosperity, happiness and contentment at home make us a nation whose benign influence is felt among all the nations of the earth, without a moment's warning the name of William McKinley is suddenly emblazoned among the list of martyred Presidents.

It is eminently fitting that we should assemble at this time, and by our action place Somerville on record with her accustomed promptness and patriotism; that we do our part in expressing the love and reverence which we as individuals and as a part of one great

nation feel for our lamented President, the chosen ruler of a mighty people; and that our sympathy, none the less real, though formally expressed, may help to assuage, in some slight measure at least, the grief of those nearest and dearest to him.

I therefore respectfully recommend the adoption of suitable resolutions by your honorable board and such other action as may be deemed advisable.

Respectfully,

Edward Glines, Mayor.

On motion of Alderman Caldwell, it was voted that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to prepare and present suitable resolutions on the death of President McKinley.

The chair appointed Aldermen Caldwell, Simonds and Preston to serve as such committee.

The committee presented the following resolutions:—

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

In Board of Aldermen, September 14, 1901.

Whereas, a mysterious Providence has removed our beloved President at a time when we were led to hope for his speedy recovery from the effect of the assassin's bullets; therefore

Resolved, That Somerville, through her Mayor and Board of Aldermen, expresses her unqualified

admiration of the noble character, broad statesmanship, and wise leadership of William McKinley, which have combined to make the United States respected and admired throughout the entire world as never before, and to give unparalleled prosperity to all sections of the country and to all classes of citizens.

Resolved, That in testimony of our appreciation, affectionate remembrance, and grief, we appoint a committee to act with His Honor, the Mayor, and the President of the Board of Aldermen in arranging for an appropriate memorial service at some suitable time.

Jackson Caldwell,
T. Franklin Preston,
Edwin N. Simonds,
Committee.

Read twice and adopted.
Approved by the Mayor September 14, 1901.

Alderman Cushman offered the following order:
Ordered:—

That, in pursuance of the resolutions adopted this day, a committee of three be appointed by the chair, to act in conjunction with His Honor, the Mayor, and the President of this Board in arranging for a suitable memorial service on the death of President McKinley; such expense as the Mayor may incur under this order to be charged to Contingent Fund account.

Read twice and adopted; and Aldermen Cushman, Kenney and Walker appointed to serve with the Mayor and the President of the Board of Aldermen on the committee provided for by the order.

Approved by the Mayor September 14, 1901.

The following communication was received from His Honor, the Mayor.

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

Mayor's Office, September 14, 1901.

To the Honorable the Board of Aldermen,

Gentlemen: — The arch fiend Anarchy, the bane of European governments and the enemy of all civilization, has dared to assert itself in free America, with what direful results all the world knows.

If this malignant growth be allowed to thrive, none can say what consequences — possibly more terrible than that we are now experiencing — the future may hold in store.

In view of this recent awful sequel to its teachings, it is absolutely imperative that our governments — national, state, and municipal — take all possible action toward the extermination of this evil, and Somerville must do her part.

I therefore recommend that the accompanying resolution be adopted and a copy forwarded to our representative in Congress and our representatives in the General Court.

Respectfully,

Edward Glines, Mayor.

The resolution transmitted by His Honor, the Mayor, is as follows: —

City of Somerville, Massachusetts.

In Board of Aldermen, September 14, 1901.

Whereas, our beloved President, William McKinley, has been mercilessly shot down by an assassin, whose weak moral nature had been a prey to diabolical ideas publicly proclaimed by Anarchists;

Whereas, the life of our Chief Magistrate should be most sacred in the eyes of all citizens;

Whereas, Anarchists teach that whoever is the chosen ruler of this Nation is the one citizen whose assassin is entitled to greatest and most enduring honor, thus teaching the most abhorrent and inhuman practices;

Therefore, Resolved that the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of Somerville record their conviction that all existing laws should be rigidly enforced and such further laws enacted as shall rid our country of those who teach, inspire or sympathize with assassination; and we hereby most earnestly appeal to our representative in Congress, Honorable Samuel W. McCall, and our representatives in the General Court, to use their best endeavors to secure the prompt passage of heroic laws to accomplish this end.

Read twice and adopted.
Approved by the Mayor September 14, 1901.

The following is a copy of a telegram sent by His Honor, the Mayor, to the President of the United States:

Somerville, Mass., September 14, 1901.

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States,
Buffalo, N. Y.: —

Somerville mourns with the nation its beloved dead, and loyally expresses the utmost confidence in the living President.

Edward Glines, Mayor.

The Board of Aldermen met in regular session Wednesday, September 18, 1901, at 8 o'clock P.M.

The funeral of President McKinley not having taken place, the Board, on motion of Alderman Cushman, did, as a mark of respect, defer the transaction of business and adjourn.

The City Hall was draped in mourning thirty days, — from September 15 to October 14.

City of Somerville.

In Board of Aldermen, October 16, 1901.

Ordered: —

That the City Clerk be, and he hereby is, requested to prepare a full report of the municipal memorial service held in the First Methodist church, on Bow street, Sunday, the thirteenth inst., in honor of the late President McKinley, and to have one thousand copies thereof printed for public distribution; the expense incurred to be charged to Printing and Stationery account.

In Board of Aldermen, Oct. 16, 1901.
Read twice and adopted.

GEORGE I. VINCENT, Clerk.

Somerville, Oct. 17, 1901. Approved.

EDWARD GLINES, Mayor.

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